GEOGRAPHIC SCHOOL BULLETINS

OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

FEBRUARY 13, 1956 VOL. XXXIV, NO. 18

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"HAIL, STRANGER, AND WELCOME"—With Strict Attention to Protocol, Host Stands Before His Lined-up Retinue to Greet a Visiting Sheik on Jordan's Desert

ALFRED WAGG

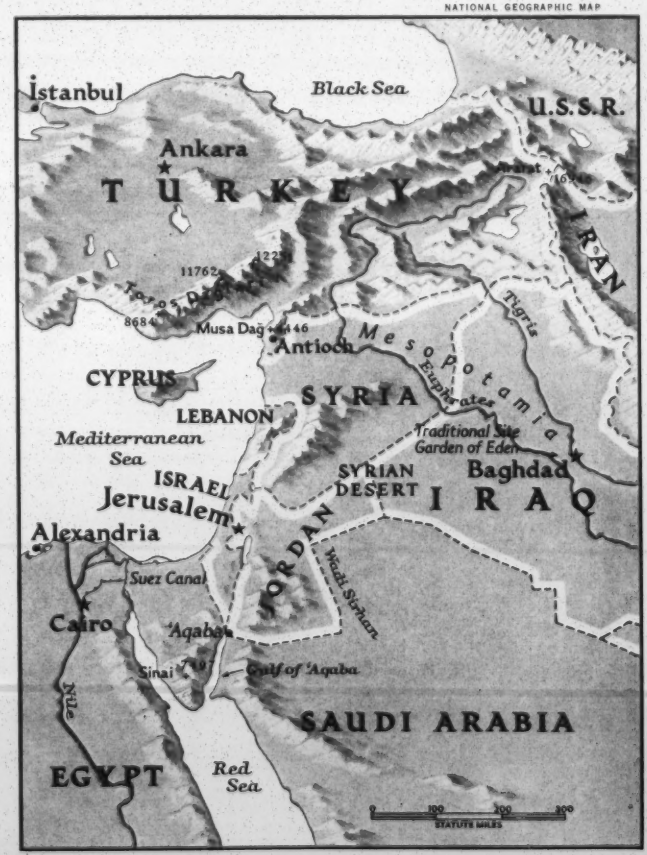
Established as an Arab state (Transjordan) after World War I, the country shares the Islamic heritage of its neighbors. But though Britain granted Jordan full independence just 10 years ago, British influence in the kingdom remains strong.

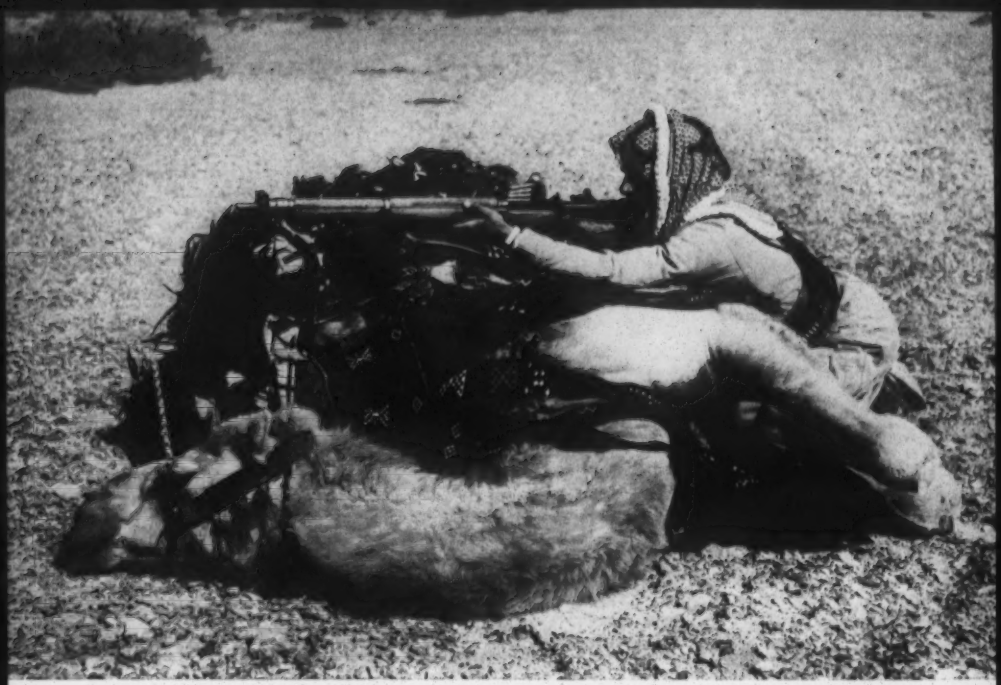
When Jordan's boundaries were first established they meant little to desert-raiding bands of wild tribesmen who swooped across sandy wastes to loot isolated settlements. A police force was badly needed. It was a British Army officer, John Bagot Glubb, who provided it.

A second "Lawrence of Arabia," Glubb recruited desert patrolmen from among the same nomadic tribes who were apt to enjoy an occasional raid. He trained them, uniformed them smartly, turned them loose to police their own kin. Security came to Jordan through the efforts of its own young men, not because of the might of British protectors. Glubb Pasha, as he became known, found himself the right-hand man of the nation's rulers, the commander of its Arab Legion.

Though largely motorized, the Legion still boasts camel-riding desert patrolmen, fondly called "Glubb's Girls" because of long-skirted khaki uniforms they wear astride petted, fawn-colored beasts. Recruiting is no problem since colorful legionnaires stir intense admiration in Jordan's young ladies. Modern troopers, in fact, often hail from other Arab nations besides Jordan.

Army pay, crisp uniforms, and adulation are not their only rewards. Untutored Bedouin soldiers soon learn elements of mechanics, radio, and hygiene, besides absorbing discipline and rudiments of reading and writing. They constantly give advice to wandering herdsmen, pointing out where grazing is good, where water is available. They are always at home, beside the black tents and camel-dung fires of shepherd camps, or in city traffic.





JOHN SCOFIELD, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

ARAB LEGIONNAIRE RIDES AN AMBLING FOXHOLE—As Well Drilled as His Master, This Legion Camel Lies Still to Form a Sheltering Rest for Marksmanship

Jordan Walks Near East Tightrope

Yelling rioters storm through the capital of Jordan, hurling clods of sun-dried mud at foreign cars, buildings.

Suddenly a squat armored car wheels around a corner, screeches to a stop. Three or four husky soldiers spring out, their Western-style desert-brown uniforms topped by red and white Bedouin headdresses. An amplified voice barks from the car's turret: "Return to your homes! Go inside and stay there!"

The crowd loses momentum, wilts away. Citizens of Jordan seldom defy the crack troopers of the nation's famed Arab Legion.

British trained and financed, this army and police force of about 20,000 Bedouin soldiers stands like a rock amidst the whirlpool of Middle Eastern passions. Yet its enviable efficiency as a fighting unit partly explains the disputes that boil dangerously in the Arab world.

Britain wants Jordan—and the Legion—to join Turkey, Iraq, Iran, and Pakistan in the Baghdad pact, a British-inspired bulwark against communism. On the other hand, Jordan's Arab neighbors, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, and Syria, have teamed forces and seek the Legion's services. At time of writing, Jordan has refused all commitments. Its Arab Legion maintains order despite tensions of a people pulled two ways at once.

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J. S. HUBBARD

Passenger Pigeons

Abundance to Extinction

At 1 p.m. on September 1, 1914, a 29-year-old passenger pigeon named Martha died of old age in Cincinnati's Zoological Garden. At that moment a magnificent species of birds —once the most numerous in the United States— passed into extinction.

A hefty 16 inches long, the blue-gray passenger pigeon enjoyed the company of its kind. In sky-darkening flocks the birds ranged up and down North America a century ago, mostly east of the Great Plains. Alexander Wilson, an early ornithologist, watched a column whirr over him in Indiana. He calculated that it stretched 240 miles. Averaging a mile wide and three birds per square yard—both safe guesses—this flock would have consisted of more than two and a quarter *billion* passenger pigeons.

In flight, their strong wingbeat roared like a waterfall. When they landed at forest nests, the weight of fat, crowding bodies sometimes shattered tree limbs. Nesting areas often covered 100 square miles of woodland. Bases of burdened trees were strewn with tumbled nests and broken eggs.

Despite subway-rush-hour habits, passenger pigeons did not shove each other into extinction. That dubious honor belongs to man. Westbound pioneers and prairie settlers hacked down nesting trees, also found the birds were fine eating. The taste for juicy young squab spread to cities.

Hunters fired into flocks until gun barrels heated. Long poles knocked nests and helpless young from trees. Netters captured pigeons, kept a few for live decoys, and with these trapped more. Market price dropped to perhaps 20 cents a dozen. And nearly a million dozen birds were shipped to New York City from western Michigan in three years.

Today, the passenger pigeon exists only in old photographs like that above.

For vivid coverage of existing North American birds, see the National Geographic Society's book, ***Stalking Birds with Color Camera,*** *containing 331 natural color photographs ($7.50 United States and possessions; $7.75 elsewhere)*

PAT MILLER FROM BLACK STAR

BOOMING 'AMMAN GREW FROM A FORGOTTEN DESERT TOWN—Uriah the Hittite Was Slain by Its Ancient Warriors, Ammonites. Now Cars, Shops Crowd Its Streets

These patrolmen cover a land, smaller than Virginia, which stretches through pebbly deserts and barren mountains where ancient tribes forged Bible history. The River Jordan, which stopped its flow to let the Children of Israel cross, formed Jordan's original western boundary.

Four years after achieving independence in Palestine's partition, the kingdom acquired lands west of the river. Now Jericho, whose walls tumbled before the blast of Joshua's trumpets, lies within Jordan. So does Bethlehem. So does the old walled city of Jerusalem, though its new sector is in Israel (see National Geographic Map, page 207).

Men of the Legion know the Dead Sea, 1,286 feet below sea level, most of which is rimmed by Jordan. On these banks, Bedouin shepherds found the priceless Dead Sea scrolls—a new chapter of ancient history. Farther south, camel-borne troops sometimes wind through narrow canyons to visit the mysterious ruined city of Petra whose builders carved tombs and temples from soaring cliff faces.

'Amman, Jordan's capital, distills the mixture of old and new that marks the country. Sleek 1956 sedans whisper through streets clogged with donkeys and camels. New apartments face a Roman amphitheater.

National Geographic References: ***Map***—Southwest Asia (paper 50¢, fabric $1)

Magazine—Dec., 1955, "Petra, Rose-red Citadel of Biblical Edom" (school price 55¢)
Dec., 1952, "Hashemite Jordan, Arab Heartland (75¢)
Dec., 1950, "Home to the Holy Land" (75¢)

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

A few hours drive takes sports lovers from palm-rimmed swimming pools to dazzling snowy slopes like those gently easing down to Donner Lake (above). Skiers by the hundreds plummet down snow-blanketed Sierras near Lake Tahoe, one of the west's most popular holiday spots. Rustic lodges and resorts border the lake shore.

Thousands of bathers crowd California's wide, sandy beaches that dot the long coast line from San Diego and La Jolla (right) all the way to the Oregon border. But other visitors turn to mountain wilderness of the rocky, high Sierras. For here is majestic Yosemite, a seven-mile-long chasm with sheer granite walls rising some 3,000 feet. Half a dozen sunlit waterfalls shoot hundreds of feet over towering cliffs, then calmly flow into Merced River.

Misty Yosemite Falls (right), the nation's highest waterfall, drops like a gently unfolding ribbon. It breaks its graceful plunge three times in a 2,425-foot descent. The upper falls makes a clear leap of 1,430 feet.

Three other national parks, 127 state parks, and many national forests and monuments beckon year-round visitors. Such lands cover one fourth of the Golden State, second only to Texas in area.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER J. BAYLOR ROBERTS (BELOW); ANNE REVIS GROSVENOR (RIGHT)

The *Lure* of the Golden State

Giant California stretches 1,200 miles along the Pacific, its head in the snows of brooding Mount Shasta and its feet in the sands of Mexico. Every year some 5,000,000 vacationers come to meet this giant in person. That's many thousands more than even tempting gold could attract a little over a century ago. Since then the Golden State has become a scenic western playground where visitors can look from desert to sea, from snow-covered mountain slopes to rich green valleys. Also, they browse among such sun-drenched missions as Santa Barbara (below), absorbing the Spanish culture of California's former owners.

Hundreds tour the narrow Redwood Highway, edged with groves of the world's tallest trees. Youngsters crane their necks sighting up the deep-grooved trunks that rise 100 feet or more before the first limbs appear. There's enough lumber in one of the 300-foot monsters to build a good-sized house.

But what the redwoods boast in height, their cousins in Sequoia National Park can top in bulk and age. For the lusty giant sequoias are the oldest living things on earth.

Their king is the lofty General Sherman (left). Stretching high as a 25-story building, the 3,500-year-old tree dwarfs visitors and a ranger's horse standing at its massive foot.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS B. ANTHONY STEWART (LEFT) AND J. BAYLOR ROBERTS (BELOW)

it a city has grown up—California's capital of Sacramento, with some 157,000 residents and handsome government buildings.

If Sutter could revisit the state his mill made famous, he'd find a giant, arm-shaped strip big as all New England, New York, and Pennsylvania combined. Moved to the east coast, lanky California would stretch from Boston to Charleston, South Carolina.

The Sacramento River that flows near the site of Sutter's Fort helps bring a new wealth to California. It picks up stored mountain water from the spillways of giant Shasta Dam, far to the north. The river feeds canals and ditches that water lettuce, grapes, tomatoes in the fertile but dry San Joaquin Valley 500 miles south. (See last week's BULLETINS, "Water Supply," page 200.)

Whirling sprinklers keep pastures thick and green for stocky Herefords. Cotton fields and palm groves dot the rich valley. Here, and in the Imperial Valley, once semidesert, California farmers grow some 270 crops. From this horn of plenty pour almost all the country's lemons, almonds, dates, walnuts, olives, grapes, plums, figs, and apricots.

Should Sutter today try to follow one of the Spanish trails he knew, he might find himself on an eight-lane highway linking bounteous valleys, rugged timberlands, and fog-veiled shores, all in a day's drive. Traffic would bewilder him as he entered sprawling Los Angeles, California's industrial center. Here giant factories lead the nation in aircraft production. Thousands of automobiles roll off busy assembly lines.

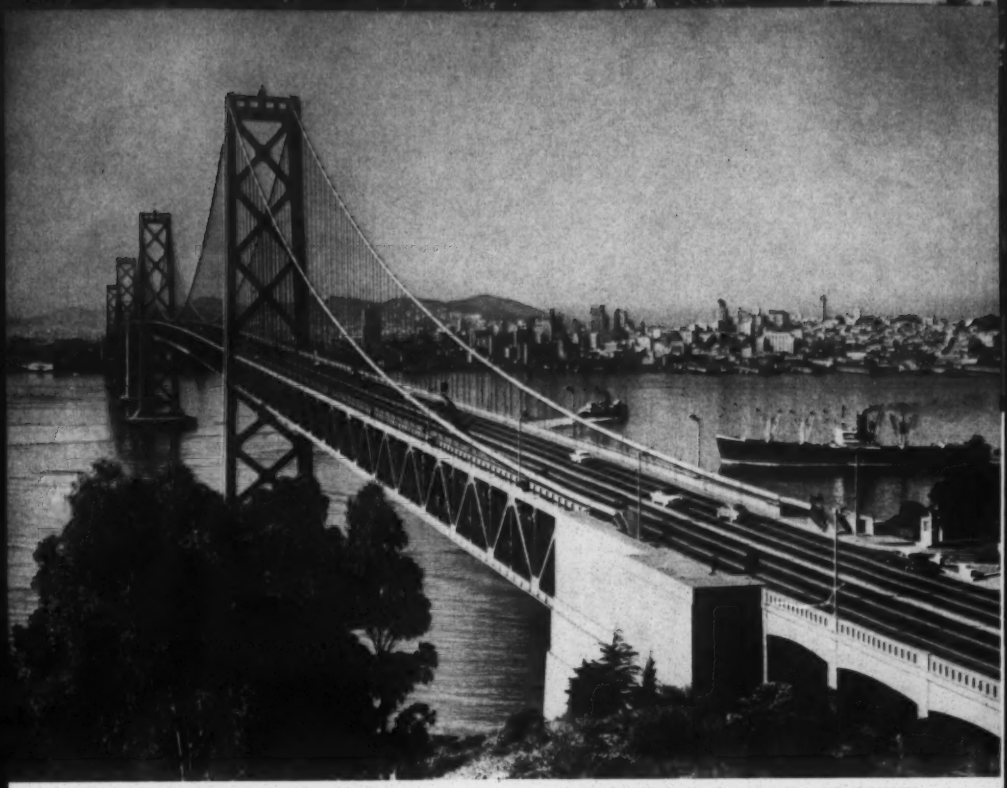
DATES THRIVE IN ONE-TIME DESERT LAND

From Irrigated Groves in the Imperial Valley Comes Almost All the Nation's Supply of Dates

ERNEST J. COTTRELL

Thriving industry and trade, coupled with a citrus boom and the magic of Hollywood's movieland, lure tens of thousands to mushrooming Los Angeles County, world's largest metropolitan region in land area. Every day 460 new citizens pour in from all over the country, enough in a year to populate Youngstown, Ohio, or Wichita, Kansas. Gold-rush days of Sutter's time brought some 380,000 to California by 1860. Now about 13,032,000 Californians make this oldest Far-West State second in population only to New York.

Part of the thousands who



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER J. BAYLOR ROBERTS

CITY OF BRIDGES—Earth's Mightiest Spans Soar out of San Francisco. One Crosses the Bay (above), Another Jumps the Magnificent Golden Gate (out of Picture, right)

California, the West's Fast-Growing Empire

In the early 1840's a rickety wagon train creaked to a lonely fort in central California. Dust-covered, bearded teamsters and their families jumped down, eager for cool water to wash away desert dust—and anxious for a look at their new home.

"Glad to have you," came a greeting with a slight Swiss accent. John Sutter, founder of the little settlement, extended a welcoming hand to a burly driver, leader of this first wagon train to cross the rugged Sierra Nevada range.

His hand went out to others who followed—bakers, blacksmiths, butchers, carpenters. Soon a sawmill sprang up, and more buildings. The little colony prospered.

Working at the mill one day, a carpenter named James Marshall noticed a glint in the tailrace. He stooped for a closer look, reached into the gurgling water, and pulled out a shiny nugget.

It may as well have been the key to California's door, for it started history's biggest gold rush. Swarms of prospectors streamed through Sutter's Fort and spread out into the new land that has been called the "Golden State" ever since.

John Sutter wouldn't know his tiny settlement today. For around

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

CITY OF WHEELS—Metropolitan Los Angeles Claims More Automobiles Than Families. Six-Lane Freeways Quarter the City and Here Pass Towering City Hall

the city to buy and operate them, even though it's a losing business.

The old settler might join daily riders who often see pagodalike roof tops of San Francisco's Chinatown, largest Chinese settlement outside the Far East. Along San Francisco Bay, he would find an Italian flavor in Fisherman's Wharf, busy and gay as a Mediterranean fishing village.

In a modern airliner, Sutter could thunder past San Francisco's tall Coit Tower, capping Telegraph Hill, and soon be flying eastward over the county named for him. A few minutes later, jagged peaks of the Sierra Nevada would reach up below him—188 of them tower over 12,000 feet. Then a dip of the wings would give him a better view of the highest point in 48 States, Mount Whitney, and farther east, the lowest, in Death Valley's barren wasteland.

Northward, his eye would catch volcanic Lassen Peak, that last spewed hot boulders some 40 years ago. Beyond, rugged, tree-cloaked mountains loom over California's northland. Villages surround huge sawmills that turn mammoth redwoods into lumber. And, in alpine valleys, cattle graze.

This land of lumber and ranches is a sportsman's paradise. Trout-filled lakes lure anglers; rocky canyons and soft green forests are a mecca to campers. The crisp, pine-scented air stirring through trees seems to whisper Sutter's old greeting, "Glad to have you."

National Geographic References: ***Map***—California (paper 50¢, fabric $1)
Magazine—June, 1954, "New Rush to Golden California" (out of print)
May, 1949, "California, Horn of Plenty" (75¢)
Nov., 1946, "More Water for California's Great Central Valley" (75¢)

UMI

ROMAN EMPEROR TAKES A WALK IN HOLLYWOOD—CinemaScope Version of *The Robe* Unfolds in Movieland. Cameras Use Some Two Billion Feet of Film a Year

come to California every year settle in booming oil cities like Long Beach. Derricks sprout like weeds. Oil pours into fleets of tankers.

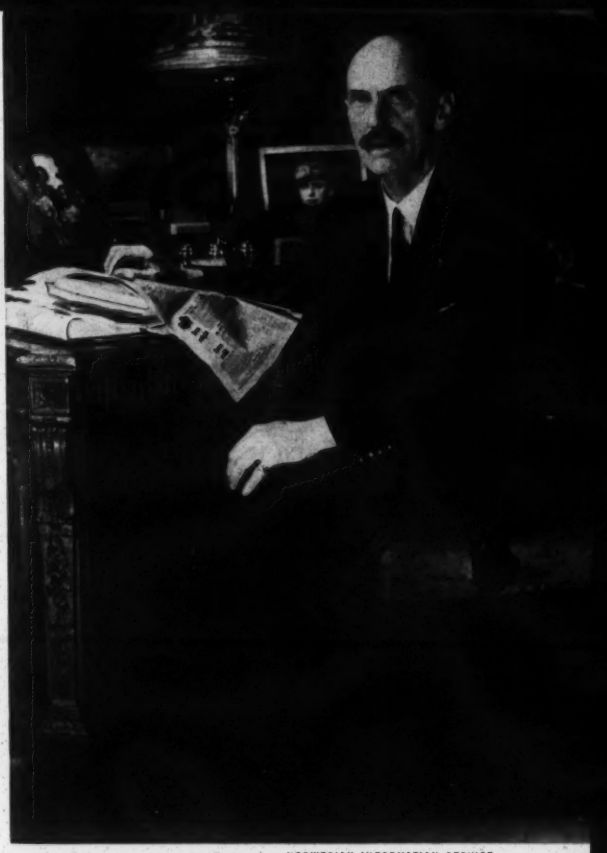
Near Long Beach docks skippers of fishing boats unload shimmering tuna and mackerel, part of almost one billion pounds of fish that California catches every year to lead all other states. Fishermen range all along the 1,200-mile coast, sometimes moving as far north as Alaska. Southward, they skim past San Diego, where low buildings spread along gentle purple slopes of the Coast Ranges. Half a dozen San Diego shipyards turn out fleets of boats—fishing craft, mine sweepers, seagoing tugs, and streamlined ferries. Big modern canneries pack tuna, sardines, shrimp, and other seafood.

In San Diego Bay, mighty gray fighting ships of Uncle Sam's Navy lie at anchor. Towering carriers, rocket-launching ships, troop carriers, submarines—endless numbers of vessels and military installations make San Diego the largest naval base on the Pacific coast.

Like modern fishermen, Sutter once cruised along California's ocean edge. He became stranded at a little place called San Francisco in 1839. Now some 20 miles of docks rim this bustling "Queen of the West," washed on three sides by the sea.

Sutter would be amazed today at cable cars straining up steep streets, their clanging bells echoing in canyons of tall buildings. San Francisco residents are so fond of their quaint streetcars that they forced

Norway's Haakon



NORWEGIAN INFORMATION SERVICE

Fifty Years a King

Half a century ago a Danish prince named Carl gave up his chosen naval career to accept the throne of Norway. He became Haakon (Haw-kun) VII, adopting the name of Viking kings who had ruled Norway during the Middle Ages. He changed his son Alexander's name to Olav in honor of his new land's patron saint. Only his wife, Princess Maud, daughter of Britain's Edward VII, kept her name.

In resuming its independence from Sweden whose kings had ruled both countries for nearly a century, Norway chose the younger son of Denmark's King Frederik VIII, grandson of King Charles XV of Sweden.

Today, in an era of diminishing royalty, Haakon stands out as the king who has held onto his job longer than any other since Francis Joseph I ended 68 years on the Austrian throne in 1916. Before accepting the Norwegian government's invitation he made sure of his welcome by insisting that the people of Norway have a voice in it. He was elected by an overwhelming majority, an unusual way for a king to get his job.

From the November day in 1905 when he stepped from the Danish royal yacht in Oslo Fjord to the deck of the Norwegian ship *Heimdal* in which the prime minister had come out to welcome him, Haakon has tried to be a good king and a good Norwegian. It may well be that "Norway's favorite citizen" is the best loved of any modern king.

One example of the people's devotion was their gift on his 75th birthday. They had roared their joy upon his return from England where he directed savage resistance to Norway's German invaders. Then everybody chipped in to buy him a yacht. Now, since 1947, the sailor king is able to pace the deck of his own vessel.

National Geographic References: ***Map***—Northern Europe (paper 50¢, fabric $1)
Magazine—Aug., 1954, "Stop-and-Go Sail Around South Norway" (75¢)
Nov., 1953, "Native's Return to Norway" (75¢)
Aug., 1948, "Norway Cracks Her Mountain Shell" (75¢)
School Bulletins—5-2-55, "Midnight Sun Brings Summer Guests to Norway" (10¢)